When God and Me Collide: Navigating Unexpected Encounters and Spiritual Connections.

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by

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in 2014, Early Adulthood, The life of mine
I told God that one day I would walk, and then the next second I would go to church, kneel down, and thank my God. Nothing could make my appa amma happier than seeing me walk; nothing could make them happier than this (even they can't deny it), and I want to carry my thumbi. It may seem silly, but I couldn't do it when he was a kid, but I'd like to do it after I walk. I wished I could hang out with him and visit many of the places around us😁.
Then, thinking about my friends (Sai, Pradee, and Pric), I decided to walk to their houses 🏘.

Even on that particular day, if I asked my Appa to drive me there, he would. But I wanted to walk.
Next, I wanted to print my leg all over my house—nowhere should be overlooked. That is where I used to watch from my class at VBM, and I wished I could stand there during my 10th grade. even in the EB quarters While I was there, I remember seeing a lot of places like that.
I felt like taking Pradeep and Thambi with me to Dmart on those days. I didn't include prici because I knew she wouldn't come. During my Mysore visit, I felt drawn to Pardeep and Sai.

It makes no difference where I go whether or not my parents are present. If this happens, I need Thambi to be with me. I wished he could be with me.
I always spent and enjoyed my time with my family rather than with friends. I wished to go inside the CSI Church ⛪, where I would be the only one praying. I even wished I could dance. I even liked watching people dance. “Should I not enjoy dancing if I can’t walk?” I asked God. I imagined myself walking and dancing one day. “This would all happen soon,” I thought to myself.

My friends used to ask me what I thought about sarees. In fact, I felt that even people who could walk couldn’t properly wear it, so how could I? I once had a thing for wearing a half-sari. I felt my dresses speaking to me, saying how beautiful we all were, but how unfortunate and useless we all felt in your bended body. But one day, after I walked, I would put on a sari.
Another one I wish I had I haven’t seen Epsilon since her death. So, at the very least, I wished to go to her grave after I walked and cried my heart out. At the very least, I wished and must walk one day as a result of this.

Aside from that, I never wanted to be a burden to my parents or cause myself enough stress to walk. Walking seemed to be my only life goal. Even if I live for 90 years, my life will not be complete until I walk. I lost my childhood and adolescence, but I still want to enjoy my college years. He, like Arnold, had a good time in college. I would never want to rely on anyone if I could walk. It has nothing to do with my head weight.

I wished to be self-sufficient and not rely on anyone. I should do everything myself. This difficult life makes me weak. This life has constrained me and instilled in me an inferiority complex.

No one should question me, saying that even though she had this life, she was overly proud of it.
I even wished for a party to commemorate the girls’ first menstruation. I wished I could put on an anklet. You people may have wished to play outdoor games, go on a tour, or hang out with friends during the school day. I couldn’t get those wishes back even if I walked those days. I felt like I was missing out on so much in my life.